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FRANK T FRIES, Editor - Publisher - Printer

FRANK MERRIWELL vs. FRED FEARNOT

Written Especially for This Magazine

By RALPH P. SMITH

President H. H. B. and Author of Numerous
Special Magazine Articles.



P A R T O N E

It was a gala day in Fredonia!

Never in the history of the town had so many people been seen in the quiet little village. Never in the history of the town had such a continuous flood of

humanity been poured into the streets from trains, automobiles and, yes—even airplanes. Never in the history of the world had there congregated so huge a throng to witness a sporting event.

Fred Fearnot, whose feats of sportsmanship and whose deeds of daring had been chronicled to the far ends of the earth for twenty-five consecutive years, had announced his retirement from athletics, business and all forms of active life.

Tonight he was to be married. The fair Evelyn, whose regard for him had never waned, was about to become the bride of the famous young man, of Fredonia. Fred, in marrying, decided that his life was too full of pitfalls and danger to risk her future with an endangered husband, and decided to retire to his large estate and so pass the remainder of their days in a well earned peace and security.

A fitting climax to his career was to take place this afternoon, and upon the conclusion of this event, the ceremony was to be privately performed which would make them man and wife.

The great Frank Merriwell was to contend with the celebrated Fred Fearnot at three o'clock this afternoon in a baseball game at the new bowl erected especially for the occasion.



Dick Dobbs, the Millionaire detective, who for the past ten years had collected more money than any man in America, had parted with considerable of his

finances to make this great, free event possible, and to allow all interested to attend.

The great bowl was the largest of its kind ever erected. Seating one million and twenty thousand people, its tiers of sections arose on all sides, like sky scrapers and made the normal diamond seem diminutive by comparison.

This was the last congregating of the old dime novel heroes, and it was to be something that would be remembered through posterity.

Tex Rickard had accepted the responsibility of staging the affair, and had done himself proud in all phases of the undertaking.

The Bradys had been commissioned by the Government to look after the law abiding element, for this affair was of such tremendous proportions, that one person in every hundred in the United States was to

be a witness. The white haired old man in blue, could be seen talking with a younger man, dressed as himself in the shadow of the dome on the home plate grandstand. They, with a special crew, aided by Ted Strong's Rough Riders, policed the place and kept all in order.

"Well, Fred," said Terry Olcott, "I don't who is the more nervous, you or I. Nor do I know who will be the more nervous tonight. old chap, for both ceremonies are affairs in which I never joined before."

Fred was opening letters and telegrams in their room. Mostly they were congratulations for the double wedding to take place that night. Some were congratulations from old enemies, who wished them well. A few were bitter slurs cast by bitter enemies, who neither forgot nor forgave. Largely they were regrets from old heroes who could not attend.

"Nick Carter cannot come," said Fred, laying aside a long letter. "He is working on the 'Cyclops' case, you know, the ship that left port and was never seen again."

"If Nick is on that affair, then," said Terry, "It's in the hands of the world's most experienced man."

Editor's Note: Latest word is to effect that Nick is tracing "Cyclops" with the aid of Frank Reade, Jr., and his latest electric submarine boat.

"The Three Chums, Ben Bright, Tom True and Dot Dare will be here," Fred said. "You know they started working for the Tousey publications about the same time we did. Gee, I'll be glad to see them."

"Me, too," laughed Terry. "Hope they bring Little Pun with them. But I guess Punny will be about forty years old now."

"Yes, that's the trouble Terry. If we put this off much longer, all the old crowd will have passed on to better fields of endeavor. Even now many are gone."

"Makes a fellow feel old," laughed Terry. You saw where Young Klondike and Klondike Kit palled it off down in the Kimberly African mine region and both succumbed to fever down there."

"Tough," answered Fred. "Old Broadbriin died seven years ago, and Old Cap Collier ten years ago."

"After the public gets tired reading of a fellow, he may as well die," said Terry gloomily.

The doorbell rang at this moment and voices were heard in the hall. Fred looked out to see who.

It was an old man, tall, but stooped a little. He wore a pair of baggy trousers and sneakers. He had no hat, and his hair was long. His face was tanned to the color of dark copper. and strong, black eyes looked out from under a strong, straight brow. Most characteristic was a dirty, red blanket, which he had draped over one shoulder.

"How?" he grunted, when he saw Fred. "Joe, he look for um Strongheart. Boy on street say find um here. Joe look, no see: Joe eyes no good no more."

"Hello," cried Fearnott, "Can it be Old Joe Crowfoot?"

"Joe body here. Heart no here. Spirit no here. Joe should be in Happy Hunting Grounds heap long time ago. Many moons since Joe see Strongheart. Think um never see no more. Joe go way in hills to die. No die. Joe here Strongheart here. Joe think um come see. Joe leave um West when snow come. Just now get here. No can move good now. Never see um snow again. Joe stiff in um joints. No last much longer. Heap fine to see Strongheart. Show um me."

Fred was delighted to see the old savage and directed him to Merriwell's abode. The rate at which Joe went in that direction belied his statement of weakness; but Fred knew the failings of the Indian, among which was a delusion, either fancied or real, that he was getting weaker all the time.

Although the Red Man must have been seventy-five years old, he had crossed the great continent just to glimpse his old friend, to whom, long years ago, he had entrusted his ward, Dick Merriwell.

(Continued in the October number)

FRANK READE, JR.'S, "WARRIOR;" or,
FIGHTING APACHES IN ARIZONA"

By "Noname"

Chapter I. Pursued by Apaches.

Far out upon a Western prairie, a man was galloping along at a rapid rate, on a fine mustang.

He was a man of commanding figure, dark, clean-cut features and a drooping mustache.

He was dressed in the buckskin suit of a scout and wore a wide sombrero. In general, his appearance did not greatly differ from that of the ordinary Western plainsman.

(Continued Next Month.)

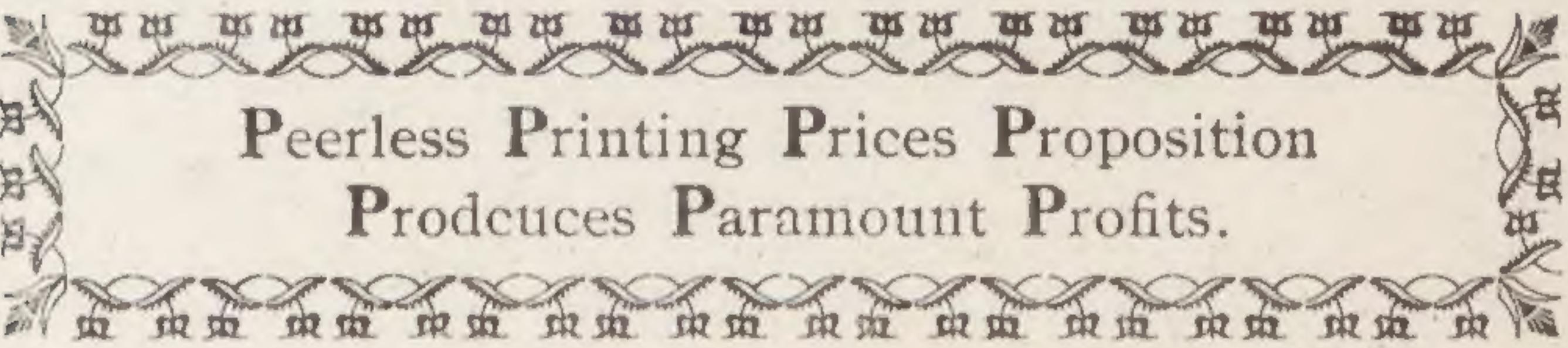


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